

Wanting It All

by Nerdmom1701

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Summary: This is my response to the KAEX challenge and a tag to the VF episode "Gary". Keith defends the mice in opposition to both Pidge and Hunk. Why? Rated T for mild swearing.

Wanting It All

A/N - This one shot is my response to the KAEX challenge from the episode "Gary" - "If it's what Allura wants, it's what I want." It is separate from my other fics in my "Beautiful" universe. Thanks go to Cheetoy for this fun challenge!

* * *

><p>Keith wished, not for the first time, that he could really kick his own ass.<p>

He slipped into the pilot's changing room, pacing back and fourth and resisting the urge to punch the metal lockers that stood in a row by the door. The use of the Voltcoms had rendered the need for a locker room virtually obsolete; still the men did use the space occasionally to shower and change their underwear, the only part of their attire that wasn't virtual when wearing a Voltcom uniform. Four of the five lockers had a couple of pairs of underwear, plus at least one set of civilian clothes if they didn't want to go back to their apartments to change.

The fifth locker he had absolutely no idea what it contained because it was the Princess's locker, and he had worked very hard to train his brain never to go there. It was also in the best shape of the five, which probably indicated that she never went into the changing room at all. All this made the locker room the perfect place to dwell and brood on his idiocy, which is why he was there.

He continued to pace, back and fourth across the tiled floor from the shower stalls to the lockers and back again. His boots made a

staccato clip as he walked back and fourth. Of course he could be silent if he chose to, but he was too annoyed with himself, and the rhythmic tapping of his heels thumped in time to the pounding of the blood through his temples.

He couldn't believe he had been so stupid! His pacing picked up as he whirled back to where he had been a moment ago. He had defended a mouse! The damn things were always a pain in Pidge and Hunk's side, especially when they were making repairs on the Lions. It hadn't been even a month ago when they'd had to electronically ping all the areas that the mice had been, to find all the tools that Pidge knew were missing. If he hadn't put the tracking chips in all his tools, they'd probably still be looking for a lot of them.

He had made a snap decision based on his feelings instead of reason. He hadn't been lying when he had said the mice had saved his bacon several times. But the reality was he owed them for the companionship they had given him during the time he had been on the run in his search for Black Lion.

He had missed everyone, especially Allura, so much during those days that the mice had been his only reminder of Arus and all that he was fighting and searching for " that it all still meant something.

Still, that was no excuse. What he should have done was told the Princess she'd have to control the mice if she could. If she couldn't, then they'd have to relocate them to another part of the castle or, worst case scenario, eject them from the castle altogether. Their hoarding was affecting the repairs to the Lions, and that couldn't be tolerated. That's what he should have done.

Instead, he blew his teammate's very valid concerns aside and stuck up for a mouse! He really needed to have his head examined " and his ass kicked.

The worst part was that he did it in front of Allura. Oh sure, it was what she had wanted him to say, but he was sure she would think he was being patronizing " like he was verbally patting her on the head and humouring her, which hadn't been his intention.

That wasn't how a leader was supposed to act around another leader. They were supposed to discuss and make decisions together. That's what Pidge, Allura, and to a lesser extent Hunk, had done. They had voiced their opinions. He was supposed to do the same, and then challenge Allura to find a resolution that would make her happy but keep the security of the Lions, and by extension her people, safe from the little thieves.

Well, knowing what he should have done was doing a fat lot of good for him now, wasn't it? He spun on his heel and almost ran into the locker. He growled his frustration and gave into his temptation and kicked the block of lockers with a vicious thump, moving them a few centimetres out of place and kicking up an unholy screech of moving metal. He did it two more times, liking the way the noise gave voice to his frustration despite the pain that radiated through his foot and shin.

He almost didn't hear the door as it swung open, or the startled gasp

at his performance against the unarmed lockers. Therefore, he was only a little surprised when he heard his name echo through the mostly empty room.

"Keith?"

He turned and zeroed in to the one face he tried hard not to regularly stare at like a lovesick idiot. Allura's face was a mask of surprise and shock, her lips forming a perfect "o" as she took in the scene in front of her.

He watched her expression, and suddenly realized that he had screwed up once again. He should have apologized to her at once for his behaviour in the workshop, and then talked to Pidge and Hunk about the mice problem. She had probably come in here to talk to him about it. She must've thought he was losing his mind.

"P- Princess. Forgive me. I- I don't know what came over me. My behaviour is completely inexcusable. It won't happen again. I'll repair any damage I've done. I'm sure it won't take- " His babbling faltered, as her face didn't change except to look down at his offending foot. His face started to warm, an embarrassed blush creeping up from his collar. He really needed to get out of there before he did anything that caused irreparable harm to their friendship. Or started a war.

"Excuse me." He murmured, angling himself so that he could get around her and through the door. He had almost made it, when her hand on his upper arm stopped him in his tracks, her voice strained but crystal clear in the silence.

"Did you mean it?"

Keith froze for over two seconds, closing his eyes and drawing in a deep breath. Yep, this was going to be bad.

"In the Lion's workshop. Did you mean it?" She clarified. Her voice sounded like it held a little trepidation and it hit him like a punch in the gut. If he had hurt her feelings, then he deserved a punch in the gut. He was pretty sure Lance would have no qualms about doing the honours.

"I usually do mean what I say. What part are you referring to?" He replied, his voice flat and devoid of expression. He wasn't sure why he wasn't just begging for her forgiveness. Maybe it was pride. Maybe he wanted her mad at him instead of hurt.

He could deal with her being mad at him. He could properly apologize to her if she was mad. He could take the appropriate punishment for insulting her royal person with no qualms.

What he couldn't take was her being hurt. He couldn't take her disappointment, her sadness. He couldn't even turn around and look at her for fear of seeing it written on her impossibly lovely face. Being the cause of any pain she felt would just kill him, in ways that Lotor never could.

He flinched when he felt her arm drop. He waited for her to start yelling at him, or worse start crying. But what he didn't expect was a murmured mumble, and a shuffle that indicated she had moved to a

different part of the change room.

His curiosity finally got the better of him and he glanced over in her general direction, only to be amazed when he saw her looking down, a slight blush colouring her cheeks. A small, pleased smile graced her features but she still looked a little embarrassed and cast only partial looks in his direction.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" he asked, feeling a little confused. Was it possible that she wasn't mad at him?

Allura's face got even redder as she stood up taller and forced herself to look at him directly in the eye. "I asked you if you meant it when you said that you wanted whatever I wanted."

"Well yes, of course I did, but what has thatâ€¦" his words petered out as he saw the incandescent joy in her smile as she launched herself into his arms. He grabbed her out of reflex, but as he held her close, he was hit with the realization that he had been an idiot for the third time in only a few short minutes.

She hadn't cared about his reasoning, and she certainly hadn't taken his comment as condescending. The relief he felt was overwhelming. Suddenly, the comment that Pidge had made about not getting in the middle of "that" made a lot more sense.

Allura pulled back a little and gazed at him fondly. "Thank you for backing me up out there."

Keith pulled her close once again, breathing in the scent of her and revelling in the feel of her soft hair against his face. He knew now what he wanted to say.

"Allura," he whispered against her ear, pulling back to kiss her tenderly on the forehead. "You are a fantastic person, and a great advocate to all of your people â€" even the mice." He cracked a rueful smile and she rolled her eyes playfully at his mild sarcasm. "The truth is we all want what you want. None of us would hesitate to back you in all your endeavours. We will always be there for you. We just go about it in different ways."

His arms wrapped loosely around her waist, and he noted how easy and nice it felt for them to be there. "The mice are becoming a problem that we need to deal with soon. I have a soft spot for them, but I was hoping you would be our ambassador to them. After all," he whispered, as he pulled her back, closer to him. "No one can resist you for long, my Princess."

Allura shivered as Keith's hot breath puffed into her ear. Her body melted into his, her arms wrapped around his waist and then went up his back. Her head nestled into his neck and he heard her sigh contentedly as her eyes closed in bliss.

"Whatever you say Commander. If it's what you want, then it's what I want."

End
file.